



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

TO  
Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre  
MARSHAL OF FRANCE

**T**he residents of New York, remembering with great pride and affection your ever memorable visit to our city, when you repeated the triumph of Lafayette in winning the hearts of the American people for yourself and your noble nation, and remembering with even deeper appreciation and gratitude the inestimable service that you rendered not only to France and America but to all Civilization, by your epochmaking victory on the Marne, request you to accept as a token of this gratitude and affection the cluster of oak leaves herewith transmitted.

**T**he oak, which in all ages has typified power and strength, has been fittingly selected to symbolize the strength and character of your personality and the enduring value of your great achievement. Upon you rested in those fateful days in 1914 the infinite responsibility of defending Civilization against the seemingly invincible power of Prussian tyranny. You accepted the sublime task with full reliance on the oaklike strength and endurance of the soldiers of France and Great Britain, then happily fighting for the same ideal.

**A**s Charles Martel, the hammer, destroyed the power of the Saracens, so Joffre, the oak, deep-rooted in the affections of the brave soldiers of France, withstood the mighty tempest of elemental fury, and when the storm had spent its fury, the oak still stood and will stand in the grateful memory of men, who love liberty, "to the last syllable of recorded time".

Vive Joffre.  
Vive la France!

*John Purroy Mitchell*  
Théodore Rousseau  
Ambrose Monell  
Gaston Liebert  
Louis Nettement  
Paul Gillot  
John A. Noble  
Stanislas d'Halewyn

ADDRESS ON PARCHMENT PRESENTED TO MARSHAL JOFFRE WITH THE  
GOLDEN OAK BRANCH

Written by JAMES M. BECK and signed as follows:

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, GASTON LIEBERT, LOUIS NETTEMENT, STANISLAS D'HALEWYN,  
JOHN A. NOBLE, PAUL GILLOT

(See opposite page)

## TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT



### DRESSING A LAY FIGURE

#### THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY TO THE UGLINESS OF A WATER-TOWER

*To the Editor of THE ART WORLD:*

*Sir:*—There are many more things in this world than one usually thinks of, but three of these are beauty, utility and ugliness. These three enter into, most everything that the eye may visualize; one seldom contemplates an object without weighing it in the scales of each. Egypt, as we all know, is a flattish country and its elevations hardly

remind one of Mt. Blanc. Egypt on the South Shore of Massachusetts is also generally flat, with here and there a hump to show that its maker had not entirely forgotten there are such things as hills and mountains.

On one of these slight elevations stands an iron water-tower, which is seventy-five feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. But though you may

search for it, yet you will not find it—knowing not the ending of our tale! In its primal ugliness it stood out baldly to the weather; a sore and necessary evil. Utility it had beyond question, but its rating as a work of art was about three hundred plus seven hundred, minus. Such is ever the way of its kind.

Some years ago, two men stood resolutely in its shadow and shuddered with the horror of it. They denied its moral right to profane the landscape and damned it politely for what it was.

"We can do nothing with it" said one "it's here and here it will stay. So what's the use of saying more?"

"Yes" said the other "it will stay. Those who built it have seen to that. Nothing but the end of the world will budge it. Still, it's but a lay figure after all; it can be *dressed*."

"Which means?"

"Just this" and he who nourished a hope drew roughly on a bit of paper." There! If you say so, it can be made the prettiest thing on the landscape."

"Fine! go ahead."

"It will cost so much money. . . ."

"Good. That will fix it. So at it, before we forget how!"

So the approved sketch took shape and developed into practical working drawings. And in time the iron water-tower was enclosed by a shell which not only verified the predictions made of it, but also became a new landmark for the mariner off shore. For it was one hundred and forty feet high and thirty-two feet in diameter, and this, on the level stretches of Egypt in America, was as conspicuous as a pyramid of Egypt in Africa.

Of course the town authorities had to be consulted, as both the tower and the ground it stood on were their property. But finally their consent was gained, though they demanded their pound of flesh, to wit: The entire enclosing structure must be independent and not touch or impair the water-tower! and this last should be kept in repair.

Under such conditions the construction was a bit difficult, on account of wind strains; but the late F. E. Kidder the engineer designed a series of interlocking horizontal and vertical trusses, which were of much interest in themselves, besides proving worthy of the task imposed upon them. Not only has it carried the tower safely for a number of years, but in addition has supported the largest *chime of bells* in that part of the country. These bells are played from a little house at the bottom of the structure.

There's a lot of people who may feel as did these two men. But it is oftener easy to say "Out, damned spot" than to effectively erase the same. Yet we are most fortunate that in this case the "damned spot" has been eradicated. For both men had the eyes to see, and one had the ability to do and the other the substance to do it with. Hence the result.

Of the two men who have done so well and prevented the surrounding country from having sore eyes for years to come, one was Thomas W. Lawson and the other H. J. Carlson, architect. Now, in the interest of civic betterment, shall we not salute them?

So then, if you search, you may find. For that which will greet your approving eye is a thing of beauty, enshrouding as a garment the ugliness beneath.

Charles Edward Hooper

## FULFILMENT

Somewhere beyond the mete of time,  
And the last morrow's ken,  
Where morn shall blaze, as in its prime  
Ere seen by eyes of men—

Where spirit from the bond of flesh  
Shall be forever free,  
Our happy feet shall walk the fresh  
Sweet ways of mystery.

We twain shall wander, hand in hand,  
Where suns and planets cease,  
And in that Presence come to stand  
Whose perfect name is Peace.

And there, upon that utmost height,  
Down which strange splendors pour,  
Our souls shall mingle in the light—  
One, one forevermore.

And I shall fold thee to my side,  
And thou at length shalt know  
The love I bore thee, O my bride,  
In the dim long ago.

Nor shall thy pureness feel offense,  
As in those human years  
When, through the weary veil of sense,  
I breathed the speech of tears.

And thou in thy white loveliness,  
And I released from strife,  
Shall learn how, out of storm and stress,  
Is won the gift of life.

James B. Kenyon